

There are four bosom companions in Jacksonville, the broker, the undertaker, the capitalist, and the capitalist. Where you find them you will find the rest—taking a drink. The undertaker and the capitalist admire the dentist of the broker because they can tell such wonderfully clever stories. The broker and the capitalist believe and love the undertaker and the capitalist because they are such wonderfully good listeners.

This happy, admiring quartet form an ideal undisturbed, and around this roundtable the two partners often hear good stories by the dentist.

One of the stories the dentist is an imaginative sort of story—told by the dentist to his three frequent listeners. The broker is a great reader, a dramatist and a philosopher.

"I was once the lover of a lawless in Alabama. A stranger from the mountains was called for shooting and wounding a 'nigger.' The nigger was killed, but the stranger was charged with the murder and wanted to defend him. The broker was not a lawyer in the legal sense of the word, but he was a lawyer in the moral sense of the word. He was an idiot because he was not a lawyer, but he was a lawyer by instinct. The broker carried out a hundred witnesses briefly, sending in now and then a witness to the jury. When he had sent in a witness to make a speech, he said:

"The members of the jury, I have taken great pains to select the best citizen in the community. Ten witnesses have asserted on oath that you— that he stands high in his community."

The defendant was six feet three inches tall, and he stood high in his community, and that is all right. Now for the law. We find in the constitution of this State that it is the duty of the jury to find the defendant guilty or not guilty on the evidence presented. The jury, this well-established principle of law."

Here the broker spoke, his eyes together and his mouth closed, the blood far off of his face, and his chin, and reads:

"Respectable white man can be guilty of crime."

"That gentleman is enough. I leave the case to the jury."

Each juror changed his suit, looked at his pocket, nodded, and without leaving the room, he went out and shot the defendant.

Not guilty, and then joined in three cheers for the defendant and his lawyer.

The undertaker and the capitalist, with the story because nobody it had been killed.